

You Are Loved by [tini_dancer](#)

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Summary:

Richie Tozier doesn't feel right, even after defeating It.

Eddie Kaspbrak doesn't feel like he belongs, even after being saved from dying.

Both have some shit to figure out.

WARNINGS:

- Domestic Violence/Abuse discussed
- Depressive/Suicidal thoughts and discussions
- Smoking (specifically a relapse)
- Some things could be taken as homophobia when it isn't meant to be (I promise), but still forewarning

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Author's Note:

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Just a reiteration!

He heard the door open, but didn't look up. He wasn't in the mood to talk to anyone, not even his best friends. All he wanted to do was have some time alone. When you defeat an evil clown, he guessed, there isn't much room for alone time.

"You okay, Rich?"

He didn't answer. He didn't want to.

"Richie, it's me," Eddie sat a few steps up, his body across from his, like if they were in the hammock, "you know you can talk to me."

"I'd rather it just be me and my cig," Richie replied with a sigh.

Eddie shuddered, "I wish Bev never taught you how to smoke. I hate that you smoke."

“Hey, I technically quit in 2009. This is just a relapse. A much needed relapse.”

“There is no such thing as a needed relapse, Rich,” Eddie leaned his head against the railing, “please put it out.”

“You don’t have asthma, dickface. The smoke won’t trigger anything.” Richie took another hit, the smoke exiting slowly from his lips.

“Not because of me, asshole. For you. Put it out for yourself.”

Richie looked at the cigarette dangling between his fingers. He was about halfway through with it, the heat sparkling at the tip. He couldn’t help that the color of the tiny flame reminded him of Pennywise’s hair. Flame-like orange. It haunted him throughout all his life. Any time he would smoke, during high school or his 20s, it would give him this uneasiness that something was wrong. Unfinished, more like it. Now looking back, that feeling was tied to It. His gut knew It wasn’t truly dead, even if he didn’t remember that summer of 1989. With each cig he finished, the flame wouldn’t be completely out, not before he extinguished it.

But It’s dead now. Really dead. They crushed its heart in their hands and watched the Deadlights fall away above their heads, Pennywise’s body melt into the volcanic rock. It was over. No more child-eating clown. There was peace in the air, and Derry could move on. The Losers could move on.

Richie could move on.

He pressed the tip of his cigarette into the concrete step, one level below himself. The flame went out fast and quick. It's like it was meant to die out, craving it's demise and taking it without hesitation. There was no more flame and smoke. Only peace.

"Does that suffice your desires, Dr. K?" Richie put on a smirk and faced Eddie.

"Oh, beep beep, Richie."

A real smile emerged from Richie, "I miss you saying that. All of you, actually. Only Bev said it once during our whole ordeal, and I definitely gave you all the chance to."

Eddie chuckled, "Stan created that when we were 10. It went from being 'beep beep Richie' to 'shut the fuck up Richie' once we got older."

"I guess I like the innocence of it. Ya know, since I lost my innocence the first time I fucked your mom."

"Oh my God, stop with the 'your mom' jokes," but Eddie was laughing. Richie loved to make Eddie laugh. He loved his laugh more than most things in the world, and God he missed it in their time apart.

“Never. It’s my trademark.”

There was a small silence between them. There wasn’t much to talk about, and neither wanted to talk about what happened. They lived through it, no need to discuss it again. There was a silent, mutual understanding of that.

“Myra called about half an hour ago,” Eddie said.

“And? What about it?” Richie questioned.

Eddie shifted in this spot, “She’s pissed. I mean, we didn’t necessarily part on good terms.”

“How do you mean, Eds?”

Eddie bit on his bottom lip slightly, his fingers lingering over the hem of the arm of his jacket. He was wearing a light grey hoodie now, since his red jacket was covered in puke and blood and his black hoodie in dirt and gray water. He slowly pushed the fabric up, holding his arm out to Richie.

“She has a damn strong grip, I’ll give her that.”

“...holy fucking shit.”

Richie delicately ran his fingers over the bruises on Eddie's wrist and forearm. They weren't big or dark purple, like the ones Bev's jackass husband gave her. They were more yellowish-brown and on the smaller side. Still, they were there, and they were given to him by his wife.

"I-Is this the first time?"

Eddie's head perked up, "What, that she's hurt me? Not...not with her own brute force. She's backed me into the places and I've hit stuff, like doorknobs and countertops. Those sometimes left bruises on my hips and back. But this...was something new. Different."

Richie stumbled over his words. Suddenly, he didn't need that fresh air he had gone out there for. His entire brain was concentrated on Eddie. Eddie and those damn bruises.

"How the fuck could she do this to you?!"

"Richie, cal-"

"Don't you think for a damn second that I'm going to calm down! How could she do this to you? Y-You're Eddie Kaspbrak! You are the most attentive and diligent person I have ever met. You care so much about things being right and equal and fair. You're a goddamn risk assessor! You watch out for others for a living! How could you, a beautiful man who only lives to care for others, marry someone who doesn't give a flying fuck about you?! Someone who fucking abuses you..."

Eddie gripped Richie's arms to keep from flying about as he ranted, "For the love of God, beep beep, Richie! I don't give two fucks about what happens to me! I have been trained from womb to watch out for myself and only myself. That every little thing can hurt or kill me and that I should isolate myself to a little bubble to make sure that I don't get hurt. And I'm sick of it! I've been sick of it my whole life! Do you know how content I would have been if you would have just let It impale me? But here I am, still here and still stuck in that cycle where I have to keep babying myself all the time. I just want freedom! I want out, Richie!"

Eddie's cheeks were shiny from his tears. Richie didn't even notice his own crying at first. Then the sobs came out, and Richie unhooked himself from Eddie's grasp to cover his face as he cried. He crumpled in on himself, bringing his knees to his chest. Richie felt so...small. His mind could not comprehend what Eddie had said, and he wouldn't accept it. But the realization that Eddie would take death over what he has...it couldn't be real.

"Rich... Richie why are you crying?"

"Why do you think?" Richie looked up and wiped some tears away, "How could you think that about yourself, Eddie? How could you think that the only other option is...you know. There are so many opportunities to get out of this cycle. Divorce her ass. Get a restraining order so you don't have to do it in person. Move out of New York and far away. You have the money to do it. Even if you can't find a place, any of us would let you stay with us. I have an extra room in my apartment that has your name on it! Just please know that you are loved by so many and that there are things to live for. You are too wonderful to this world to just leave it."

Eddie shook his head, “Even with the Losers, I was always an outsider. The weakest, the most timid... you should have just let me die.”

“No! You were never an outsider! Not to me! Fuck, you are the most important person in my life!”

“No way am I the most-“

“I’m in love with you!”

Richie said it. He didn’t even think before he did. It took him a second to realize why he said it. He saw no end to Eddie’s self doubt. He just didn’t know how precious he was to the world. Why hold back when the person you love doesn’t feel loved? To Richie, it was a selfless act and a much needed confession.

Eddie didn’t receive it that way.

“Yeah, fuck you, too. This isn’t the time for your stupid jokes, asshole.”

Richie hunched over a little more, crossing his arms. He was looking right into Eddie’s eyes, his big chocolaty doe eyes.

“It wasn’t a joke. It...It’s not a joke.”

Eddie scoffed, "Of course you wouldn't take this seriously. For a second, I thought you actually cared. And now you're just making a big gay joke out of it, like you did when we were kids."

"I never made gay jokes back then!" Richie retorted, "Yes, I made some really bad jokes that I shouldn't have, but never did a say shit like that! Why would I joke about something that hurt me?"

"You aren't gay, Richie!"

"Yes I am! Why don't you believe me?"

"Because you joke!" Eddie threw his hands up in the air, "It's what you do! You turn disturbingly sad things into jokes to try and get attention. It's what you've always done. You aren't gay, and you aren't in love with me."

It didn't take long for Richie to decide what to do next. He unfolded himself and leaned over to Eddie, pushing himself up to kiss him hard on the mouth.

He pulled away when he noticed Eddie not kissing back. He wiped his lips and went back to his position leaning against the metal bars, "I love you, Eddie."

Eddie didn't reply.

“Listen, if you don’t feel the same, it’s okay. All I care about is that you know that you are loved. You mean something to this world, especially to me. I won’t lose you. I would relive 100 more scenarios of what happened in the cave and save you every damn time. I wouldn’t let you stop me. Ever.”

Eddie touched his lips timidly, his hand shaking. His gaze was to the concrete below him. Richie didn’t want to say anything else. He said what he needed to say, and he let Eddie take that however he wanted.

With a hesitant breath, Eddie looked up and said, “You’re being serious?”

“Yeah, Eds. Dead serious.”

Eddie let out a sound Richie had never heard before. It was an exhale mixed with a laugh, like it was all of Eddie’s tension being released at one time. His lips formed a small grin. Next this Richie knew, Eddie threw himself over Richie and was kissing him.

Richie arms were around Eddie’s waist, holding the smaller man steady. Eddie’s hands were in Richie’s hair, running through the curls near the nape of his neck. Their noses nuzzled perfectly, like a puzzle, while Richie’s frames jabbed into the skin of Eddie’s under-eye. He didn’t care, though. Neither did.

They pressed their foreheads together when they parted. Richie felt

movement behind this head, then Eddie's hand move from its place on his neck. He craned his head to see a shiny piece of metal fly into the air and bounce on the steps until it hit the base of the stairs of the fire escape.

"Your ring...?"

"I'm gonna go back to New York," Eddie started explaining, but more in a whisper. Their faces were still only about half a foot apart, if even that, "I'm going to divorce Myra and quit my job. Then, I'm going to pack all of my shit and move to Chicago."

Richie made a questioning look, "What's in Chicago?"

Eddie laughed and pressed a kiss to Richie's forehead, "You, you dumbass. You said you had a room that I can stay in. Is that still open?"

"You want to move in with me?"

"Isn't that obvious?"

Richie bit his lip, "But does that mean...does that mean you feel the same way?"

Eddie nodded eagerly, "Yes, Rich. I, too, am in love with you. I just didn't think you would feel the same."

“Hence the denial?” Richie asked, and Eddie giggled.

“Yeah, hence the denial.”

They kissed again, briefly. Eddie buried his face into Richie’s shoulder after and held on tight so he wouldn’t fall down the fire escape.

“It’s nice to feel loved,” he said, “is this what romantic love is supposed to feel like?”

“I don’t know,” Richie said, “I’ve never been in a mutual loving relationship before.”

“Neither have I.”

“Want to figure it out together?”

A small kiss to the side of Richie’s neck, “Hell yes.”

They stood up, Eddie leaning against Richie. It was so warm and delightful, like Christmas in June. It really was like that, because Eddie reciprocating his feelings was a goddamn holiday miracle.

Holy shit this was real.

“You probably want to go get that ring,” Richie said, “you could sell it on eBay and get some money for it.”

“Not a bad idea,” Eddie laughed and raced down the steps to grab the gold band. He shoved it in his jacket pocket and met back with Richie, who made his way to the top of the stairs. They kissed again against the wall, Richie couldn’t help but press Eddie to it, before going back inside.

For the first time, both Richie Tozier and Eddie Kaspbrak felt something new to them. Something that they would hold on to forever in the shape of the other person. Something exciting and giddy and warm. Something precious.

Wholeness.

For the first time, Richie Tozier and Eddie Kaspbrak were whole.